WEEKLY VISITOR; OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

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THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE AUTHOR OF "*ABALLINO.*"

(Continued.)

LIANSKOI and Seraphia now saw them quit the saloon, and immediately withdrew to a window to converse: the moon at that hour shone strongly on every object, and marked the dark shade of every substance, with the most accurate precission.—"O my Seraphia!" said Lianskoi, as they gazed through the opened window, 'why did you pay me this unfortunate visit? My brother, I see, is enamoured of you: but O shrink from him—from his touch! for he is not free from the guilt of my cruel imprisonment: his manner expressed a lurking chagrin at my presence; and he entered not into my justification with that frankness and avidity, which is the character of open sincerity. Oh! I fear too for yourself, lest—'

"Be not alarmed, my love," said Seraphia, "for me:—my father has provided for the worst; and has armed a number of his attendants, who, in case I should be detained, are to seize the person of the tyrant, till I am delivered up!"

"Let us escape now!" said Lianskoi; and at this moment the two tall figures of Berodsko and Barbaro, emerged from a dark avenue into the moonlight, and presented the dark outline of their herculean forms. Seraphia fell back senseless into the arms of Lianskoi, and a general interest was excited in the company, to ascertain the cause, and remove the sudden indisposition of the engaging young peeress,—which, after a lapse of some time, was effected; but the real cause of her illness she disguised under the usual influences which are attendant upon the exertion and the heat of the ball-room.

While this passed in the saloon, Berodsko had sent for Malcar into an inner apartment, while he deputed Barbaro to see that Seraphia did not escape, and to watch the motions of Lianskoi.

It will be proper to state here, that Barbaro was as deeply enamoured of the fair Seraphia, as his royal master, but he waited for the issue of their determination to decide upon his measures.

Malcar heard Berodsko's proposal of an immediate union with his daughter with astonishment, and, with that ingenuous frankness which ever marked his character, replied, that he had every reason to believe that she was attached to his brother; but if her affections were disengaged, he would not oppose his suit, if Seraphia approved of him as a lover.

"Admit," said Berodsko, "that Lianskoi's boyish face may have captivated her heart, it will rest with you to break it off, and direct her inclinations.—Thus will our alliance be strengthened, and our amity eternally cemented." "Friendship, great Sir, must spring from respect—not from force. When I married the mother of Seraphia, my pious father only advised my mind; he did not compel it. The same conduct must operate with me.—I had hoped that a marriage with your brother would have strengthened our alliance sufficiently, and that the powerful Berodsko would have selected a partner more corresponding to his own wealth and territory."

"So I might, if I had not seen your daughter! But Love is now the empire by which I am swayed. Remember, chief, how much it lies in your power to serve me, and how much I am to be feared."

"I am sensible of this—but your justice would not condemn me for an inability to controul my daughter's will, while you are not the master of your own. Permit me to introduce my daughter to your presence—from her own lips collect the sentiments of her heart, while I retire for a few minutes, and endeavour to persuade your brother to a relinquishment of that passion in the way of which your declaration, has become such an object."

Malcar immediately withdrew, and found his daughter recovered from her indisposition. He informed her of Berodsko's request, bid her fear nothing, as he would attend at the entrance of the chamber; and enjoined her, by a gentle forbearance, to soften as much as possi-

ble, the negative she was about to put upon all his future hopes of possessing her hand. Malcar introduced her to an inner apartment in the castle, where Berodsko was expecting her, and then returned to a side room till the interview was over,—where, on entering a small recess, he was directly prevented from returning by a door that closed upon him, and opened to another, which led into a closet without any visible outlet, except from the window, which was shaded by the spreading branches of a powerful elm.

While Malcar was overwhelmed with horror at the unprotected state of his daughter, indignant at the finesse by which he had been instrumental to the designs of the unprincipled Berodsko, and earnestly employed in effecting the means of escape, by descending the pendant branches of the friendly tree, as his only resource, the virtuous and noble Seraphia was receiving the addresses of the liberticide chief: scarcely was she seated, when he threw himself at her feet, and declared that he was ready to share his power and throne with her, and make her the mistress of his heart.

"Ah!" replied Seraphia, "I am unused to scenes of state: in quietude I have led an unambitious life; and in the solitary haunts of our castle I have learned, dread Sire, to love your brother! When the old Baron died, whose memory will never be cold, I devoted my heart, under his sanction, to Lianskoi. Sensible of the greatness of the offer you now make me, and my own unworthiness, permit me, since I cannot grant my love, to solicit your friendship."

"They are inseparable!" said Berodsko, taking her hand—"I would use persuasion—but more is in my power! Behold, you are the arbitress of my fate—of your own; power, riches, and Berodsko may be yours! Fancy not that the boyish Lianskoi will pine to death for the loss of your love:—he still continues to live, after the long absence he has endured from imprisonment! You will perhaps think differently, when I announce to you that I have destined his hand for the Baron Novorod's daughter!"

"Ungenerous, and misjudging man!" exclaimed Seraphia: "Lianskoi and I, actuated by the same principle, will rather perish than bestow our hands where our hearts are discordant. Tell me, Prince, where is my father! I see through this artifice to get me alone! and now you have dared to threaten me with force! but you have yet to learn than virtue is never powerless. Would Lianskoi have basely endeavoured to seduce my affections, if I had first bestowed them on you?—His soul is superior to it. Copy then what he would have done; let us admire your forbearance, and live to bless you!"

"Conquerors" replied Berodsko, "are not accustomed to receive conditions."

"Nor am I about to make any, while I have a heart that cannot be vanquished. If fear were always attendant upon guilt, how would many of the mighty tremble! —The hand of him whom I approve, must not bear a stain that cannot be removed—yours, Berodsko!—"

"What of mine?" said he, agitatedly—"Where is the tongue that dares accuse me of crime? This dark insinuation arises from some malicious slanderer—Perhaps from my brother!

"No, dread Sir," replied Seraphia:—"the slander, if any, is wholly mine, had you not interrupted the sentence by your marked agitation, I should have said: Yours, Berodsko, has been raised against *my* father, and I lately thought against *me*.—Hear me, Sir, and attend. While you and Barbaro were traversing the dark walks of the garden just now, you suddenly emerged into the moonlight!—I beheld the outline of your figures; I fainted with terror, and the noble company ascribed to heat what arose from dread. I for a moment thought I was in the wood near Horsa Castle, where I beheld two appalling figures pass me, whose stature, guit, and even voices, bore a strong and perfect resemblance to——" "To who?" said Berodsko, darting his scowling eyes at her, and seizing her arm. "Oh! appal me not thus," said Seraphia, trembling—'I conjure you by the memory of your murdered father—as the brother of a youth who is under your power, and loves you—as a Prince whom I would esteem—to let me go. I have only spoken in the innocence of my heart; and why should the noble Berodsko feel as if I had planted the arrow of death in his?'

'True,' replied Berodsko: *it is for the guilty to fear!*—It was only my anxiety at hearing my beloved father's name mentioned! to know that hitherto all my efforts have been vain to trace his destroyers. Proceed then—tell me all that you know: I will hear it, though it wound my inmost soul!'

'Hear then, Prince,' continued Seraphia. 'The outline of the figures in the wood an the night when the old King disappeared, were so strongly like those of yours and Barbaro's in the garden this evening, that I fainted.'

'Were you then at the dell near Horsa Castle?—Did you say that I and Barbaro were the assassins?'

'O Prince!' said Seraphia, 'I spoke not of that dreadful dell—I coupled not your names with that of assassins.'

'I am too precipitate,' replied Berodsko; 'but the reason, lady, which induced you to visit the wood that night, must surely have had some extraordinary motive?'

'It had love for its only cause and end,' replied Seraphia. 'On that dreadful night which was to have preceded the battle, Lianskoi had sent me a message that he would meet me at a certain spot near the ruined fort of Horsa: it was necessary that he should quit his post unperceived, and with an equal secresy I repaired to the place of rendezvous, attended only by a faithful servant on horseback. We met, and sauntered near the dell, talked of the horrors of the ensuing day, and putting up prayers alternately, that peace might prevent the carnage which must otherwise inevitably follow, we stayed till the hour of one, when we tore ourselves asunder, and parted with a mutual invocation of Heaven's protection. Scarcely had I left him when a dreadful peal of thunder started my horse, and he rushed from the hand of my servant into a road which lay through a wood; a horrid flash of lightning now ensued, I was thrown. In this situation, alone, on foot, unprotected, and Lianskoi gone, whose boding farewell seemed to anticipate a fatal separation, I turned to take the nearest path, which I thought led to a light, but which I have since been informed was the torches in your camp. I was now overcome with terror!—I had lost my way—all was dark, save the edges of the lowering gloomy clouds that blackened the horizon. I stood still, to

hear if my servant was calling; but in stead of his friendly foot, I heard that of two men quickly approach, in earnest conversation. I took refuge behind a tree as they passed, and heard distinctly the words, 'How the lightning glared on the cursed grave!' said the one that was nearest. 'Hold!' said the other; 'even trees may have ears!'—'Did you bring away the banner and the friar's habit?' 'No,' was the reply: they are buried with the body!'

'I will hear no more!' said Berodsko, conviction flashes on my soul—they must have been my father's murderers!'

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SECLUSION.

Of the world
Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow-men
I shall be seen no more. There is a path,
The eagle hath not mark'd it, the young wolf
Knows not its hidden windings. I have trod
That path and marked a melancholy cave,
Where one whose jaundiced soul abhors itself
May pamper him in complete wretchedness.
There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was
When the jarred scenes sink to a sick calm,
Shall mourn the waste of phrenzy.

This passage is in the 4th Book of Joan of Arc. In writing the 3d, 4th, and 5th lines of it, Southey undoubtedly had in his memory the 7th and 8th verses of the 28th chapter of Job.

"There is a path, which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

"The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed it"

[ANTHOLOGY.

WHAT IS LIFE BUT A ROMANCE?

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That frets and struts his hour upon a stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."..... SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE is the man, (I speak of him who from education mixes with society) who has not met with some of those extraordinary events, which nobody believes if found in a book, but which are given full credit to, when related by the hero himself?—Travel in a diligence or stage-coach: at first you look about you and say nothing; soon afterwards you get a little acquainted with your fellow travellers; and at length, after mutual observations and discoveries, in order to amuse one another, you tell, by turns, all the wonderful accidents that have happened to you through life.

This gentleman escaped being killed by a most miraculous interposition of Providence. The one opposite him has been shipwrecked at least half a dozen times; taken by corsairs, and carried to Tunis as a slave; from whence, after employing a thousand ingenious devices, he succeeded in regaining his freedom. His neighbour on the right hand, informs you with great modesty, that, when he was upon his travels, having to cross a desert, his horse and himself lived eight days without eating or drinking.

A lady then gives a circumstantial account of falling into a fish-pond, when she was a child; that she had sunk twice, and was going down the third time, when she was rescued from a watery grave by a large Newfoundland dog of her father's, who leaped into the pond and brought her out in safety. A military gentleman seated next her, takes the opportunity of the discourse turning on highway men, to express his contempt of them; and assures the company, that he was once attacked on such a road by banditti; that he alone resisted the whole body, killed four with his own hand, and put the rest to flight.

The conversation at length turns upon the fairsex; and a dashing blade of about two and twenty, asserts, heaven forgive him, he has deceived ten women at a time, that the only one he ever really loved, was seduced by his rival; and that at last he had married one, who had fully revenged her sex by her ill qualities, which had obliged him to live separate from her.

A VILLAGE NEWSPAPER.

We are sorry to hear that the worthy rector of Nutley parish, declines daily into all the symptoms of a forlorn condition. The lock of his study door has been changed half a score times within as many months, because his nerves are affected by sudden noises. For some time he has fancied that an easterly wind blows for no other purpose, than to make people sick; and, during the course of the winter, he has monopolized the use of the poker at home, pretending that no one can stir the fire like him.

We farther learn that the parson's favourite housekeeper has lately been attacked with a nervous complaint in her eyes. On this melancholy occasion, she discovered, for the first time in her life, that the laundry maid had got up the great washing so heedlessly, that she was ashamed to wear the linen, for it was as *yellow as saffron.*

It is rumoured that Miss —— has already commenced her noviciate as a future old maid. She was heard to say, that her mantua maker had not common sense.

Bachelor F—— has discovered that his favourite cat, who sleeps by the hour on his arm, and on his knee, communicates a peculiar flavor to cream and butter when within sight of the breakfast table.

A damsel, hitherto unsuspected, not a hundred miles from the grove, has so many *whims*, that it would be too long to specify them.

Letitia Dupple, a maiden lady, has deposed yesterday, at the tea table, that *the private gentleman whom nobody knows*, who has lately taken up his residence in our village, is not as it has been supposed, either a decayed broker, or a bailiff turned gentleman, or a justice of the peace, or a clergyman who left off preaching the moment he came to his brother's fortune, but a grocer retired from business, she having often bought tea at his shop in the city.

In consulting the public register, we have discovered, to our great satisfaction, that Mrs. *She-would-be-young* has certainly passed the great climacteric.

We hear that Mr. ——, of our neighbourhood, was visited a few days ago, by a bank director; and that he is immensely rich; keeps a chariot, two saddle horses, a coachman, footman, and three maid servants; and that *he is worth* five thousand a year.

In the Biographical Sketch of LADY OGILBY, presented by the editor of the Ladies Museum, appears the following digressional anecdote.

WHILST Sir David resided in the hospitable mansion of his lady's uncle at Vermont, that gentleman being called to proceed on his circuit as Judge, (a tour in which we presume he was partly accompanied by his guests,) they had the opportunity of witnessing an amusement peculiarly gratifying to the natives of that part of the globe. Bear-hunting is known to be one of their favorite sports; and though there can be but very little affinity between the history of a beautiful woman and an animal so uncouth in its appearance, and believed so stupidly insensible, as the bear, yet Sir David relates an instance of its sagacity, which the naturalist we feel persuaded, will consider worthy of remark. The scene of action was on the Lake Champlain: the hunters and spectators were arranged in the usual form; when a bear of unusual magnitude, roused from his place of concealment, was driven towards the lake, to which, having betaken himself, and perceiving a canoe rowed by a single Indian, he hoisted himself into it, with the hope of preserving his life. The alarmed Indian was ready to expire with terror: but how greatly was the passion of fear increased, at beholding Bruin approach him, and actually hug him to his breast! But, as if suddenly sensible of the apprehension he had excited, this generally supposed stupid animal retired to the farthest extremity of the canoe, and fixing a supplicating eye upon his terrified companion, again directed it towards a distant part of the shore. The grateful American instantly comprehended the implied meaning; and rejoiced at finding his existence so unexpectedly preserved, obeyed with alacrity, the silent signal, and rowed to a creek unoccupied by the hunters; when Bruin again gazing upon him with a look expressive of acknowledgment, leisurely placed his unwieldly paws upon the shore; as if knowing that his friendly associate, having completely cut off the channel of pursuit, rendered *exertion* on his part no longer necessary.

This combined proof of forbearance and sagacity in an animal whose natural propensities impel him to delight in blood appeared to us worthy of notice, even in a Biographical work: for though Buffon and Goldsmith have related several instances of the bear's maternal attachment, we have never before met with one that displayed generosity in that tribe: and we trust our readers will pardon a digression, which presents a creature usually thought contemptible, in a *favourable* light.

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TO THE

EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

As your paper appears devoted to the service of the ladies, you will not, I hope, refuse the following remarks.

The writer in your paper of the 2d inst. giving an account of the sales of *dry goods &c.* must of all the days in the year, have singled out the most inauspicious, in which to give a delineation of his customers, and his manner of doing business.

As I am engaged in the same concerns of which he speaks, it may not be amiss to investigate the probable causes of the delinquency of which he complains. He observes in his last paragraph, after detailing a sorry account of his day's proceeding, "that such is the manner in which we pass most of our time. Should the question be asked, what class of society stands most in need of patience, let the answer be *the dry good shop keepers.*" That every individual in society has more or less occasion to bear up against the cross incidents of life, is an axiom which needs no illustration. But that the dry good shop keeper should require a greater share of patience than his neighbour, is the reverse of a self-evident proposition. Should we not be correct in avering that, "the law's delay," and "the insolence of office," were almost part endurance, and subjects of far greater moment, than the capricious whims of light-hearted girls, or the procedure of virginal self-sufficiency?

My astonishment is not excited that even in "the most conspicuous part of Broadway," a day's sales might not amount to more than the expenses—No—I wonder most at the observation that, '*much* of their time is passed in that manner.' It is not the case—Were it so, the walks of many in the business, would probably be more *circumscribed* than they are at present.

That there are ladies whose sole intention in *going a shopping*, is to see and be seen—to ask the price of goods in twenty shops, and to form excuses for not purchasing, no one person acquainted with the business, will attempt to deny.

But on whom should we wait, without repining, if not on "woman, lovely woman!"—Does the author of the strictures I have mentioned, think that every succeeding day must prove succesful as the former? or is he some superanuated bachelor,—one that entertains the most *superlative* contempt for nature's fairest progeny? At best, he has been faulty in giving a statement so very exceptionable.

In almost every family, the ladies are the best judges of our goods.—The lover hesitates not in requesting the object of his esteem so far to oblige him as to procure the articles he may want. Even the simple rustic, when visiting our stores is attended by her to whom he has often told his tale of love; and, relying on her judgment, pays with pleasure from the earnings of his labour, for the amount purchased.

I cannot conceive what the object of the writer in question, could possibly be, in giving to the public remarks so "flat and unprofitable." Admitting that his visiters on that particular day, were partly composed of giddy girls, who, without the qualifications, wished to be thought fine ladies—what then—is it so wonderful? Do we not see those in more exalted stations, guilty of conduct far more reprehensible.

From thirty to forty thousand dollars are annually received in many stores in Broadway; and a great proportion of this amount, passes through the hands of the fair, to whom every dry good merchant is obligated.

How far justifiable the writer of whom I speak, may appear, I leave the public to determine.—He ought to blush for his unfounded assertion, and in future, render to the ladies that tribute of respect, to which they are justly entitled.

ANTI-SOLUS.

Honour is but a fictious kind of honesty; a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none; it is a sort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

THE SUICIDE,

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * 'TWAS night; a solemn silence pervaded the earth, the winds roared in hollow blasts, while the troubled ocean dashed its foaming billows against the rocks, and reverberated in sounds the most tremendous: the sky was dark and troubled, except when the moon emerged in all her splendour from a heavy cloud; not a star glittered in the firmament, but its appearance foreboded a heavy storm, which the agitated flutterings of the sea-bird seemed also to prognosticate.

I gazed around, and beheld, by the light of Cynthia (which at that moment shone with uncommon lustre,) a tall, elegantly-formed, young man; his head was uncovered, and his hair loosely flowed on his shoulders: he stood on the brink of the precipice. I approached him, he saw me not. 'Great God!' he cried, in a voice so soft that it melted me to tears, while he appeared to choke articulation, 'pity the unfortunate wretch now before thee, pardon the act I am about to commit, and forgive, oh, forgive the author of my miseries! Ah, Emma! how have I implored your pity! yet to all my entreaties you have remained inexorable, and drive me to endless ruin, and the abyss of eternal misery; yet 'tis for thee only I wish to live.' At this moment the painfulness of recollection seemed too much; he hesitated, then franticly exclaimed—'Coward heart! wouldst thou live the object of her scorn? No, rather die!'—Then, raising his arms, he loudly exclaimed, 'Ah, Emma! in a few moments the heart that ever beat for thee alone, will beat no more. In the cold grave, the blest asylum of the wretched, I shall repose, the victim of injustice and ambition. Some happier object, I trust, will possess thy love, more ennobled by the gifts of fortune, than the poor deserted object Henry. But I have a soul'—and here his voice assumed the tone of self-applause—'noble as thine; another lingering moment, and Henry will never blast thy sight; he does not fear death, but dares to meet it in the most horrid form.' At this critical moment I approached, and seized him by the hand; his eyes rolled wildly, he gazed on me, while an enquiry of who I was, was bursting from his lips; but I interrupted him.—'Rash youth!' cried I, 'forbear to meet thy God thus unprepared; rather bless the hand that lengthens out the slender cord of life, than madly to enter into a world of spirits.' Whilst speaking, he looked fiercely at me, snatched a poinard from his bosom, which he plunged into his heart. The wound was mortal: he fell, never to rise again. The crimson fluid issuing from his side, bedewed my garments; his fine athletic form became convulsed, a ghastly smile sat on his noble countenance, while drops of agony rolled down his cheeks; he fixed his dying eyes on me, pressed my hand with fervour, and inwardly exclaimed—'Farewell—mercy—Emma—farewell for ever!' He gasped for breath; nature was quite exhausted; the feeble spark of life diminished fast; he groaned, sunk again to the ground, from which, while speaking, he had raised himself, and expired. I stood bending over him appalled with horror; till, rouzed by a sense of my own situation, I returned home, ruminating on the melancholy event. On enquiry, I found he was a youth of amiable manners, fascinating person, and possessing every requisite to make him a valuable member of society; unable to brook disappointment, dared thus to terminate his existence, leaving his worthy parents inconsolable.

[The subsequent remarks are from the Ladies (London) Museum, they are humbly submitted to the consideration of our fair readers.]

"At what time of life does a woman shine most conspicuous?" A very fair question, but rather an odd one for the *ladies*. Are not the *men* better able to judge of us than we ourselves? Will they not be less partial, and more adequate to the task of answering so serious a question? Pardon me, if I say, I think you have imposed too weighty a burden upon us, and beg you will not suppose that I think myself equal to it, though I thus address you: it is only *my opinion* on the subject which I offer, with this hope, that some abler pen will treat it with the respect it deserves, and will look upon the time as well spent, in solving a question of so much importance as that of shewing the ladies, when and where they shine most; and by that means excite a spirit of emulation among them beyond the rivalship of dress!

Your query has opened a field for argument as large as that of beauty, for they both depend on opinion; and when that is the case, nothing decisive can be said; for there are as many opinions in the world as there are persons. *One* may think that a woman shines most conspicuous in the bloom of youth, beauty, and accomplishments, with the additional advantages of wealth and education to set them off. I own, she does shine most brilliantly; she charms and captivates the heart of MAN, and tempts him to make her legally his own, and that for ever. He then thinks himself blessed indeed, and feels as if nothing could make her more amiable in his eyes; yet the following supposed, yea, very possible case, may soon convince him of the contrary.

Misfortunes assail him, poverty conducts him to a prison; she follows him to his darksome dungeon, where her smiles shine with doubled lustre to those in espousals; she illumes every corner of his gloomy cell, charms him with her affectionate eloquence, and composed behaviour; she inspires a fortitude till then unknown to himself: she seems not only to be the mother of his children, but almost of his virtues; and by rousing him from his lethargy, enables him to retrieve his fortune, and re-establish his credit.

Her efforts will then take another turn; she makes a home comfortable for him, and a large family, for whom she endures toilsome days, and sleepless nights; she feels all the hopes and fears of a tender mother, and anxious wife.

Bright as she appears also in this point of view, there is yet one in which she outshines them all. Suppose her daughters now grown up, (the boys she leaves to their father) what a task has she then to perform! See her at the head of her table, surrounded with those who have no one else to look up to for example and support. She looks round with a tear caused by this reflection. "On my example depends the future happiness of these dear children, and shall I not exercise every attention to set a good one before them? Forbid it, heaven! and grant my conduct may be such, that they may venerate my memory, when called away from them; before which time, I trust, their virtues will procure them protectors, who shall succeed me in treating them with the same tenderness."

Her prayers are heard; she lives to see her daughters worthily bestowed in wedlock; and her circle is enlarged by sons-in-law, unable to be sufficiently grate-

ful for the precious deposits she has placed in their possession, owing all their value to her care and example.

What then are *her* husband's sensations? who, revolving in his mind, the period when she, (as her daughters are now,) all blooming with youth and beauty, made a surrender of her charms, finds those joys inferior to what he now tastes, and rapturously exclaims, "This is the period in which a woman shines most conspicuous! for her children, like so many diamonds, reflect back her lustre, and surround her with a blaze of splendour." This is the opinion of her who subscribes herself

A WOMAN.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, August 16.

(From a London paper of June 12.)

The following miraculous and providential escape from impending destruction, may be depended on as a fact:—

On Wednesday, the 21st of May, as captain Jones, of the Royal Flintshire Militia, quartered at Hythe, who had that morning accompanied the regiment to field exercise, on the heights near Folkstone, was standing with several of the officers, near the edge of the cliff, the earth suddenly gave way under him, in consequence of which, he was instantly precipitated for the distance of twenty-eight yards, in an oblique direction, from the top, but was most providentially stopped in his fall by a small abutment on the surface of the rock, against which his foot accidentally struck—In this dreadful situation he lay suspended near a quarter of an hour, without daring to move, before any effectual assistance could be rendered him. Scarcely, however, had this distressing circumstance occurred, when Thomas Roberts, a private in the regiment, alarmed at the truly perilous situation of his officer, endeavoured, at the obvious risk of his own life, to extricate him; but, in the attempt, literally fell from the top to the bottom of this tremendous precipice, being a distance of 549 feet, of which, 261 feet were quite perpendicular. Providentially, the man in his rapid descent, did not touch the captain, who, anxious to save him, had already extended his hand to him for that purpose. During this interval, a rope was expeditiously procured from the signal house, and a noose being made at one end, it was lowered to the spot where captain J. still lay; when he, with much difficulty, succeeded in fastening it round his body, and was thus gradually drawn up the frightful steep by the spectators, who still, for some time, doubted the possibility of rescuing him: he, however, at length happily escaped, without having sustained any material injury.

The soldier, though terribly cut and bruised on the head and various parts of his body, was taken up alive, and without a single bone being fractured, on the beach, near a large stone quarry, and immediately conveyed to the regiment hospital at Hythe, where, to the utter astonishment of every one, he is now able to walk about, and is declared by the surgeon of the regiment, out of all immediate danger.

The height of the cliff, having since been accurately taken by an officer of the regiment, is found, by actual admeasurement, to be as follows, viz.

	Feet.
Oblique distance of capt Jones' fall,	84
Perpendicular height from the point downwards	261
Remainder, (again oblique,) to the base.	204
Total,	549

The following neat little Song was written, as we understand, by Dr. ANDERSON, of this city.

BACCHANALIAN.

TUNE—"*Humours of Glen.*"

Come let us be jolly, boys,
Mourning is folly, boys,
Life is at best, but a short winter's day;
A few rays adorning
The treacherous morning,
But soon comes the tempest and sweeps all away.

CHORUS.

For life is a vapor,
A dim-burning taper,
That glimmers a moment, and then dies away.
We hope and we fear,
And we fret and we caper;
But wine casts a light on the dark dreary day.

For who would be living,
In toiling and grieving,
And wear the short term of existence away,
Since gone are its pleasures,
And lost are its treasures,
Till wine bids defiance to life's stormy day.

CHORUS.

For life is a vapor,
A dim-burning taper,
That glimmers a moment, and then dies away,
We hope and we fear,
And we fret, and we caper;
But wine turns the darkness of night into day.

Post.

BONAPARTE'S BROTHERS.—Of the four brothers of Bonaparte, *Lucien* is the richest. While he held the office of minister of the interior, he is known to have sold the protections of of government to smugglers and contraband dealers, in which trade his receipts for some time were enormous. He was not less dexterous in converting his foreign mission into sources of profit. The nogociations in Spain, in which Portugal also was included, were worth to him above 550,000*l.* and though he has not lately, from having fallen into disgrace with his brother, held any situation of emolument; his fortune, notwithstanding the pomp and luxury in which he lives, amounts to nearly a million and a half sterling. It was remarked at Paris, during his stay there, that none of the princes of the Bourbon family had ever equalled him in splendour and magnificence. In his private life, he is completely what is called in France *Roue*; but he is not without some commendable qualities. Like the regent, whom he is said a good deal to resemble, and of a sensual enjoyment of every sort; like him, he is hospitable, generous, and fond of the fine arts. He has, perhaps, the choicest gallery of pictures that can be possessed by an individual. He is reckoned the first of the family in point of talents. Joseph is of a very different character. Less immoral in his life, he is also less popular in his mannera, mong a people where libertinism often passes as a recommendation. More prudent, and more obsequious to the will of his brother, he is a great favourite with the family. *Lond. Pap.*

MARRIED,

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. G. Seixas, Mr. Bernard Hart, to Miss Rebecca Seixas, daughter of Mr. Ben. Seixas, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Jacob L. Mott, to Miss Hannah Riker, all of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday last, after a short illness, Mr. Anthony Lynch, aged 21 years.

TO THE LADIES.

—

STHEPHEN CAVE,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC,

That he has commenced LADIES' SHOEMAKING, in all its branches, at No. 285 Broadway, where may be had SILK, KID, and MORROCCO SHOES, of every discription, and of the newest fashion. He hopes by strict attention to all commands in his line, to give satisfaction to those who may feel disposed to encourage a young beginner.

N. B. Orders in the above line, thankfully received, and strictly attended to.

July 19. 3m.

JOHN JONES,

UMBRELA AND PARASOL MAKER,

NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET

NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand. of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairings neatly executed.

N B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above. Nov. 23.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 71, Nassau to No. 29 Partition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

A NEW NOVEL.

This Day is Published, by

I. RILEY, & *Co.*

NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY,

PRICE 1 DOLLAR,

A NEW NOVEL, BY MISS EDGEWORTH,

CALLED,

LEONORA.

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth, have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She HERE undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the *fashionable* female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue: none can boast of a stile more polished or attractive.

July 19. 4 t

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE

75 CENTS,

By J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library, and Book Store, No. 13 Park,

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WORK,

ENTITLED,

"*THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED.*"

BY THE REV JOHN OWEN.

DEDICATED TO

The Right Reverend BIELBY PORTEUS,

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This very valuable little work, has, within a short period, been five times printed in London, and is thus recommended by the Rev T. F Dibden, [author of "An Introduction to a knowledge of the best editons of the Greek and Latin CLASSICS"] in his translation of FENELON on the Education of Daughters."

"I recommend the sensible mother, who has really the happiness of her daughters at heart, to peruse and re-peruse the excellent observations on this head which are to be found in a little pamphlet, lately published by the Rev. Mr. OWEN, entitled, "THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED." July 19 5t

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter

☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual

December 14.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softning, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving ..with printed directions ..6s. 8s. and 12s per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,

Do Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off a kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smoot and comfortable, 3s and 4s per pot

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sel again. May 24, 1806.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir, The following beautiful lines I transcribed, hoping that they might prove acceptable, and obtain a place in your interesting miscellany.

Yours, A. N.

THE TEAR.

I TALK'D of the woes of the days that are past,
Of afflictions and trials severe;
How the May-morn of life was with storms overcast,
How the blossoms of HOPE were all nipt by the blast;
And beauty sat list'ning to hear.

Of hardships and dangers and many a wrong,
And of toils that beset me so near;
Of Treachery's snare and Ingratitude's tongue;
I told: and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong—
For beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty, that gladdens the soul!
Is aught as thy sympathy dear—
When thy bright-beaming eyes with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at pity's controul,
And thy roses are washed with a tear.

When dark roll the clouds that o'ershadow our doom,
When toils and when dangers appear;
When the storm-threat'ning waves all their terrors assume;
Then the sun-beam of Hope that can break thro' the gloom,
O Beauty! must shine thro' a tear.

Yes, Beauty—thy tear that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear;
'Tis the balm of all ill, and the cure of all woes:
And the heart-rankling wounds of remembrance shall close,
That beauty has wash'd with a tear.

METASTASIO thus beautifully describes the anguish of separation, and the delight of meeting

Parting to *death* we well compare;
For sure to those that love sincere
So dreadful is the pain!
Such doubts, such horrors, rend the mind;
Yet, ah! when adverse fate proves kind,
How sweet to meet again!

VARIETY.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe....POPE.

MORAL PHENOMENA.

There are persons who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters. There are men who will distribute money to all, except their creditors. And there are wives, who will love any man better than their husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word, which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds are in a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valor, self-denial, and bounty, when smaller pains would constitute greater virtues." Is not Mrs. Inchbald correct?

BEAUTY.

Few ladies of the present day will subscribe to the definition of Beauty given by a late writer of distinguished reputation:—"*Beauty is perhaps founded only on USE.*"

PLEASURE.

The follies of the world enervate the vigor of the mind. Cæsar tore himself from the embraces of Cleopatra, and became master of the empire. Anthony took her to his arms and lost the *World* and his life!

THE most wonderful anecdote, perhaps in the world of letters, is the following. Milton, the pride of British literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of Paradise Lost; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatise on the Game of Whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the booksellers *for two hundred guineas.*

READING.

Too much reading is injurious. A habit of receiving the ideas of others prevents original thinking. HOBBES said that if he had read as much as the eruditi, he should have been as ignorant.

LIFE.

Human life is a game, which depends mostly on good play, and partly on good fortune. If a man play well, if he is positive he could not play better, though fortune be against him and he be beaten, his defeat causes no mortification: he reposes upon the satisfaction of having done as well as possible. If a man knows he has played badly, and might have played better, though fortune give him the victory, he does not receive much pleasure from his success. Thus our happiness is in our own hands. Industry and attention will teach us the game, and if we be proficients, fortune cannot deprive us of our enjoyments.

Liberties in conversation that pass the bounds of good nature, honesty, and respect, degenerate into scurrility, scandal, and ill manners.

Respect and complasance forbid rallying the fair sex; and for their's to rally the other, is exposing themselves to blunt rapartees.

Persons of merit ought not to be rallied, even though some defect should be perceived amongst their virtues, because no mortal is perfect.

Old age is too venerable for raillery, and should be reverenced.

To laugh at deformed persons is inhumane, if not impious; we are not our own carvers; what perfection the best have, is not the effect of their own care, but of divine goodness.

TRIM's explanation of the 5th Commandment.

* * * * * Pr'ythee Trim, quoth my father, What dost thou mean, by 'honouring thy father and mother?'

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old. And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick. He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby—Then, Trim, said Yoric, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue, and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst a hand in the Talmud itself.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM....PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.

THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN ADVANCE.

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